The author of this unique copy of this volume is George Thomas Lanigan, 1846-1886, half-brother of Emma C. Lanigan, who taught French at Mt. Allison, 1881-83. See my sketch of Lanigan, with "A Kaoon of Swat", in Allisonia, Jan. 1907, v. 4, p. 51-52. See also A Standard Dictionary of Canadian Biography, volume II 1875-1937.

June 1942. R.C.A.

PS 1258 n

Nostri Veteres Versus ubi sunt. ?

NATIONAL BALLADS

OF

CANADA,

IMITATED AND TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINALS

BY

"ALLID."

Lanigan, George Thomas

Montreal:

PRINTED BY JOHN LOVELL.

1865.

To Adelaide Denis
as I have dedicated
so give this work
A. Faugeau

To an Old Friend.

Il y'a longtemps que je t'aime,

Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

A 38608

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NATIONAL BALLADS.

A la Claire Fontaine.

Of yonder crystal stream,
  The waters were so fair,
That as I passed I paused,
  And went and bathed me there.
+ { I've loved you long, I love you yet,
  And you I never can forget.

Then by the stream I sat,
  Under the maple's boughs,
The cool wind stirred my hair,
  And fanned and dried my brows.

And there amid the boughs
  Of that fair maple tree,
A nightingale there was,—
  Right merrily sang he.

Sing, oh nightingale, sing,
  Sing thou whose heart is glad;
Thy heart is merry and gay,
  And mine is weary and sad.

+ This chorus is more literally rendered by "You a longtime have I loved Ever I remember thee."

My love and I are foes,
  Right bitter foes are we:
I would not cull her a rose
  From yonder briar tree.

I wish, with all my heart,
  The rose were on the tree,
That rose, and briar, and all
  Were cast in yonder sea,—

Were sunk in yonder sea,
  Were sunk in yonder main;
And that my love and I
  Were friends—were friends again.

Air is Vive la bagatelle!

Trois Filles d'un Prince.

Behind my father's house
  There is a pleasant tree,
The leaves upon its boughs are green,
  The fruit like gold to see.

It was a king's three daughters
  Asleep beneath a tree,
The youngest said, my sisters,
  The light of day I see.

The original burden is
Behind my father's house, Bound my light bark bound on, Behind my father's house, There is a pleasant tree – There is a pleasant tree my love, There is a pleasant tree.

Then up and spake the eldest,
  In all the skies above
I only see a single star
  That shines to light my love.

My love has gone to battle
  Down by the distant sea,
And if he win the battle,
  His meed my love shall be.

Then up and spake the fairest,
  (And her sweet eyes were wet,)
Whether my Knight shall win or lose,
  His shall my love be yet.

So then those three fair sisters
  Looked to the skies above;
Oh let them win, or let them lose,
  Theirs always is our love.

Gai, gai, le rosier. *

Behind my father's house,
  A wood there is so gay,
The nightingale sings there
  All night and all the day.

* There is a burden to this song—
"Gay, gay, the rosetree gay
In the merry month of May."

He sings for those fair dames
  Who have no husbands gay;
He singeth not for me,
  Mine is—is far away.
I have a husband brave,
  But he is far from me,
A prisoner to the Dutch,
  In Holland bideth he.
What would'st thou give him, love,
  Who brought him back to thee?
Oh, he should have Sorel,
  Quebec, and St. Denys! *
Oh, he should have Quebec,
  Sorel, and St. Denys!
Dost know this ring my love,
  Oh joy, joy, thou art he!

A Saint Malo, beau port de mer.

Saint Maloes looketh on the sea;
Three ships there in the harbor be,

Three ships there in the harbor be,
Laden with grain right heavily,—

* In some older versions it is "Je donnerais Versailles Paris et St Denys."

Laden with grain right heavily.
To buy it forth went women three,

To buy it forth went women three:
Merchant, what may your prices be?

Merchant, what may your prices be?
Six *francs* the corn, the oats for three,

Six *francs* the corn, the oats for three.
Too dear by half your prices be.

Too dear by half your prices be.
If better you can elsewhere see,

If better you can elsewhere see,
Then take it all and take it free.

Then take it all and take it free;
At that price we shan't disagree.

Dans les Prisons de Nantes.

In Nantes prison underground,
Hand and foot is the prisoner bound.

No one sees him night or day,
But the gaoler's daughter young and gay:

She carries him a daily store
Of bread and water, nothing more.

One day he asked her suddenly,
What have the people said of me?

The people all have said of thee,
To-morrow thou diest on gallows tree.

Since I must die I pray thee, sweet,
Undo these fetters from my feet.

The girl has stooped her willingly,
And soon the prisoner's feet are free.

The prisoner stood up fearlessly,
And cast himself into the sea;

At the first plunge the eddies sweep
In the deep centre of the deep;

At the second plunge they parted wide,
And he came out safe on the farther side.

He turned him round defiantly,
And I trow a merry song sang he:

God bless all women where'er they be,
And the gaoler's daughter especially.

If I see Nantes again, by my life
The gaoler's daughter shall be my wife.

Isabeau s'y Promene.

Isabel, of the lily white hand,
(*The wind is sighing in the sedge,*)
Was walking alone on the brown sea sand
(*By the water's edge, the water's edge.*)

There she met three sailors, blithe and strong,
And the youngest sang a wonderful song,

And the maiden listened and listened long,—
Fain would I learn thy wonderful song.

My bark rides yonder on the sea,
So come, and I will teach it thee.

But when they had reached the sailor's bark,
The maiden's sunny brows grew dark.

What evil chance hath happened thee,
That tears in those blue eyes I see?

The ring my mother gave to me
Is fallen into the deep blue sea.

O dry thine eyes, my lady fair,
And I will dive and find it there;

He dived once into the deep blue sea,—
Never a ring to the top brought he;

He dived twice into the deep blue sea,
And the ring it flashed right gallantly;

He dived thrice into the deep blue sea,—
Never again to the top came he.

En Roulant ma Boule.

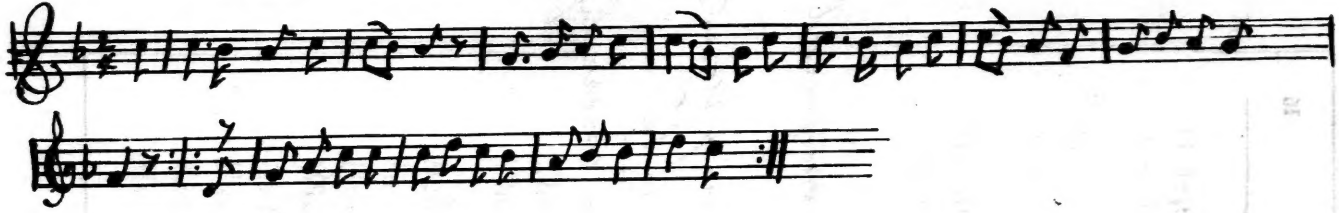
The wind is fresh, the wind is free,
The wind is fresh,—my love waits me.

Behind our house a spring you see,
In it three ducks swim merrily;
Hunting, the prince's son went he,
With silver gun right fair to see,—
At the three ducks aimed carefully,
Fired at the black, the white killed he.
King's son ill luck thy portion be,
My own white duck is killed by thee;

Beneath his wing his blood flows free,
And diamonds in his eyes there be;
And gold and silver plenteously
Pour from his beak upon the sea;
His feathers to the wind flew free,
Gathered them in fair women three,
To make a bed right soft to see
Where travellers to sleep are free.

Note. This song in the original runs thus.
Behind our house a spring yousse
En roulant ma boule
In it three ducks swim merrily
Rouli, roulant,
Ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule

Allie

Mary Mellish
Archibald
Memorial

Les Trois Filles d'un Prince.